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LEHIGH REVIEW



MARCH



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THE LEHIGH REVIEW

Vol. IX March, 1936 No. 7

A magazine devoted to the interests of Lehigh
Published by students of Lehigh University

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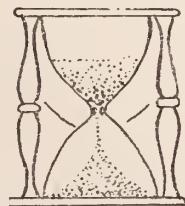
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Walter Finlay is a fine lad, extremely modest for a senior of his accomplishments. But the Brown and White staff sometimes gets out of hand in adoration of its editor-in-chief. We told a reporter that an article of Walt's was to be highlighted in this month's issue. That scrap of information was all the journalists needed. Next issue appeared this headline:

Finlay Writes For 'Review'

March 12 Issue to Feature Article by Editor of Brown and White

The Brown and White takes care of its own! But the facts were straight. Finlay has written an unusually interesting feature; you'll find it on page 6.

In the center we spread an account of the American Liberty League by David Hoppock. There is more to the Liberty League than speeches at Washington. At Lehigh a chapter functions, if not vigorously. We know of one chap who diddles for the N. Y. A. with one hand and fondles a League button with the other. He has some conscience, though; he takes it off when he calls for his pay check.

The cover for this month is a striking one, full of highlights and shadows. Somehow it manages to invest the business of engineering drawing with an impressive significance. The india ink artist is Richard Stockton, a senior industrial. We suggest that he send a couple of copies of the magazine home, just to let his friends and relatives know that's he's taking his college work pretty seriously.

We watched several students from a neighboring college whip their monthly magazine into shape. They were pasting up the dummy at a tremendous rate, fretting little about the nicer points of make-up. Into the first twenty-three pages they squeezed all their copy; a perfectly blank page was left. "What'll we do now?" wailed one.

"That's easy," said an imposing-looking fellow, obviously the editor. "Just mark the last page 'Compliments of a Friend'."

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Campus Quiz

(Answers on page 24)

1. A Lehigh senior recently received coast to coast attention by (1) publishing a paper on the behavior of saturated salt solutions, (2) being runner-up in the national table tennis tournament (3) winning first prize in a radio amateur contest (4) breaking the national backstroke record (5) burping at Major Bowes.
2. Three new societies on the Lehigh campus are (1) Alpha Phi Omega (2) Shakespeare Club (3) Outing Club (4) Allentown Club (5) Hip and Valley Club (6) Theosophical Society (7) The Purple Llamas of Galilee and Coxe Lab.
3. To coach Lehigh tennis players, Fritz Mercur is borrowing time from (1) a lucrative law practice (2) a correspondence school in tennis technique (3) beer drinking (4) insurance selling (5) the Union Trust Company.
4. Dorm residents recently petitioned for (1) a private "eats" concession (2) an improved plumbing system (3) more attractive chambermaids (4) a longer lunch hour (5) reconditioning the adjoining tennis courts.
5. The cork and feather affair indispensable to Badminton is called a (1) poppycock (2) chukker (3) gambit (4) shuttlecock (5) chanticleer.
6. Two faculty warriors in the "culture" dispute are (1) Metcalf and Eddy (2) Butterfield and Jennings (3) Thomas and Thomas (4) Sloane and Doan (5) Rand and McNally.
7. The only Lehigh grappler to win by a fall in the Indiana meet was (1) Scobey (2) Ashman (3) Sterngold (4) Ferry (5) Schnabel.
8. In a recent court-martial held in the Armory, Private Walker was convicted because he (1) revealed Bethlehem's anti-aircraft defense (2) struck the top sergeant (3) distributed communist literature (4) stole a can of beans from the commissary shack (5) went A. W. O. L. to see his Mamie.
9. Dr. Neil Carothers crashed the front page of the **Herald-Tribune** when he (1) delivered an address before the U. S. Chamber of Commerce (2) lectured to the national convention of the D. A. R. (3) spoke at a dinner of the American Liberty League (4) discussed the silver problem before the I. W. W. (5) made a nine o'clock class on time.
10. Highest ranking scholastically of all living groups last semester was (1) Chi Psi (2) Leonard Hall (3) Allentown Group (4) Theta Delta Chi

11. Last Sunday Lehigh delegates returned from Vassar where they attended a meeting of the (1) College Students' Mutual Aid Society (2) Intercollegiate Press Association (3) Eastern Debating League (4) Model League of Nations (5) Inter-Sorority Conference.
12. According to Dr. Bull the number of measles cases reported at the height of the epidemic was (1) nineteen (2) forty-two (3) ninety-six (4) 10-⁹ (5) hardly worth mentioning.
13. Two of these men are not judges in the Lehigh Song Contest: (1) Rosario Bourdon (2) Frank Black (3) Edgar Shields (4) Fred Waring (5) Cab Calloway.
14. Prof. F. V. Larkin was honored last month by an invitation to join the (1) American Pedagogical Society (2) North American branch of the Newcomen Society of England (3) Eastern division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (4) Executive Board of the A. S. M. E. (5) Pennsylvania branch of the Vladivostok A. C.
15. The freshmen wrestlers ended the season with an average of 75%, losing only to (1) Mercersburg (2) Wyoming Seminary (3) Lafayette (4) Manheim A. C. (5) Faculty Women's Club.
16. "The Human Adventure" was produced under the direction of Dr. James H. Breasted who is (1) Director of Research at the University of Colorado (2) a member of the faculty of Columbia University (3) President of the American Archeological Society (4) Professor of Egyptology at Yale (5) deceased.
17. Recently elected to O. D. K. were: (1) Nelson J. Leonard (2) Warren P. Fairbanks (3) Karl Jacobi (4) Joseph L. Walton (5) Kenneth K. Kost.
18. Andy Buchanan sorrowfully left his position as Alumni Secretary to take a job with (1) the New York **World-Telegram** (2) the Remington Arms Co. (3) Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborne, Advertisers (4) Industrial Research Syndicate, Inc. (5) Lehigh Lunch.
19. Dr. Maurice Ewing is making **Time** repeatedly through his work in (1) geodesy (2) geponics (3) gynecology (4) geophysics (5) gastronomics.
20. The last Freshman Dance, according to Dean McConn was (1) "a striking financial success" (2) "very much overcrowded" (3) "dry and well conducted" (4) "an example of what can be accomplished under efficient management" (5) "hardly an event of cosmic significance."



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Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted by one of the students before March 26th.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

*How about that wisecrack you like to pull?
Win a sweet prize with it.*



Disk Data

by Manheimer

If Benny Goodman keeps putting out such swell records, he will soon have this world swinging like a pendulum. No one who knows his notes doubts that Benny has the finest collection of jazz musicians and arrangers anywhere in this infinite universe. The latest recording of this swing king are "Goody Goody" and "It's Been So Long" (Victor 25425) and "Breakin' in a Pair of Shoes" and "Stoppin' at the Savoy" (Victor 25247). The former is honored by having the voice of Helen Ward on both sides. The latter is just straight swing, but what swing.

RKO seems to have a monopoly on the best musical comedy team alive. Once more Irving Berlin has written the music for the Astaire-Rogers duo. From "Follow the Fleet" comes "Let Yourself Go," "Let's Face the Music and Dance," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," "I'd Rather Lead a Band," "Get Thee Behind Me, Satan," "But Where Are You?" and "We Saw the Sea." In the order named the best records of this wide selection are: No. 1—Ray Noble's Orchestra and the Freshmen, (Victor 25241), No. 2—Ted Fio Rito (Decca 697) No. 3—Guy Lombardo (Victor 25242), No. 4—Fred Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra, (Brunswick), No. 5—Ozzie Nelson plus Harriet Hilliard (Brunswick), No. 6—Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard (the same Brunswick), No. 7—Ray Noble and his Freshmen (Victor 25240). On the other side of the last mentioned disk is Ray's own version of his latest composition "If You Love Me."

Little "Fats" Waller is putting out records in mass production style these days. And such goings-on are these recordings. Do not be frightened by the incoherent mumblings "Fats" injects into his music every once in a while. He is just trying to be funny. However, Mr. Waller does have plenty of that rhythm which his deft hands and his husky voice know how to put across. His best (which happens to be his latest) is "Oooh! Look-a There, Ain't She Pretty?" Combined with it on Victor 25255 is "That Never-to-be-Forgotten Night." His other recordings within the past month are "Sugar Blues" and "Somebody Stole My Gal" (Victor 25194) and "Sing an Old Fashioned Song" and "West Wind" (Victor 25253).

Jimmie Lunceford seems to have the knack of putting out swell novelties. Those he has introduced to

the world of jazz are "Rhythm Is Our Business," "Miss Otis Regrets," and "If I Had Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes." Now he has gone and recorded "I'm Nuts About Screwy Music." A slightly slower and smoother melody "I'm Walking Through Heaven With You" accompanies it. (Decca 682.)

For a bit of musical nonsense in the western style listen to Paul Whiteman's "Wah-Hoo." This number is supposed to be the piece to end all songs of the wide open spaces. "What's the Name of That Song" which is found when you turn this disk upside down, is one of the better melodies of the season. Paul's arrangement and Johnny Hauser's vocal make it even more enjoyable. (Victor 25252)

One of these days somebody is going to get the bright idea of importing Bert Ambrose and his Orchestra from England. He will be soon known as one of the top orchestras. His latest, "I Can Wiggle My Ears" and "Everything's in Rhythm with My Heart," shows his true ability in orchestration and playing. The only trouble with this record is that the vocal in the former does not quite hit. (Decca 690.)

Tommy Dorsey is continuing to put out records that show his true colors as a trombonist and leader. One record (Victor 25236) he plays real hot for "I've Got a Note" and gives the sweetest playing (for a trombone that is) we've heard in his theme song "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You." "Gotta Go to Work Again" is done with a real touch of a master. We kinda suspect that the trio that sings this

continued on page 19



You — ! I said hurdle, not girdle!

"Where in hell have I seen you before?"

"What part of hell are you from?"

—Texas Ranger

Scene in the counting room of the election committee in a small town in Georgia.

Time—Two hours before the closing of the polls.

Official counter: "Say, what do Ah do with this heah Republican ballot?"

—Owl

? ? ?

An old gentleman riding the top of a Fifth Avenue bus noticed that every few minutes the conductor would come from the back and dangle a piece of string down before the driver underneath. Whereupon the driver would utter profanity terrible to hear. Finally the old gentleman could stand it no longer, and so he asked the conductor why he dangled the string and why the driver swore so. The conductor naively answered, "Oh, his father is to be hung tomorrow, and I am just kidding him a little about it."

—Pointer

•

She—"Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

He—"I eat spaghetti."

—Penn State Froth

Same Time

A sailor, after placing some flowers on a grave in a cemetery, noticed an old Chinaman placing a bowl of rice on a nearby grave, and asked: "What time do you expect your friend to come up to eat the rice?"

The old Chinaman answered with a smile: "Same time your friend come up to smell flowers."

—Puppet

•

Have you ever heard about the little duck who was so embarrassed because his first pair of pants was down?

—Exchange

•

The golfing clergyman had been badly defeated on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said, "remember you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole."

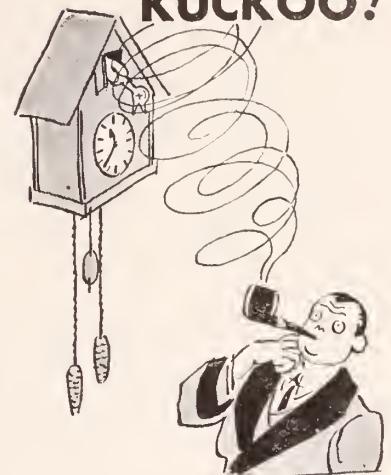
—Gags and Giggles

•

You've heard of the college football player who was so democratic that he wanted classes eliminated entirely.

—The MIT Voodoo

PIPE K. O.'S KUCKOO!



WHY—oh why!—will otherwise estimable gentlemen stroll about polluting the air with chokey tobacco in a dammed-up pipe? The only plausible reason is that they haven't yet discovered the innocent pleasure of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe! Sir Walter is a well-bred mixture of fragrant Kentucky Burleys selected to smoke milder and smell sweeter. Try your first tin. Birds will chirp, men and women welcome you with open arms. It's 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil for extra freshness.

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The Most Interesting Job on the Campus

by *Walter L. Finlay*

MOST interesting, eh? Says who? Says me! And the me might be any one of a dozen fellows — business manager, house president, editor, sport captain, eats man, or perhaps even a mere student. The last would probably contend that, for the great majority of the student body, his would involve the greatest element of novelty. But it wouldn't. The most interesting of them all is the editorial management of the Brown and White.

And that isn't based on prejudice either. I appeal to Noah Webster.

"Mr. Webster will please take the stand."

"Ah, Mr. Webster, you are . . ."

"The lexicographer, yes. And my life, Sir, is an open book."

"Splendid! Can you turn yourself to the page defining 'interesting'?"

"Surely. Here I am. Page 523. 'Interesting: engaging the attention; exciting, or adapted to excite, interest, curiosity, or emotion'."

"Engage the attention." Does editorial managing do that? It does. It not only engages the attention but it virtually marries it! At least it does to the extent of four nights a week, two mornings at the printing plant each week, and two afternoon meetings a week. This plus interviews, writing editorials, etc., and etc., for two solid semesters. But it's well worth it both in fun and in experience.

The editorial wheels are thrown into gear each week at the editorial council meeting. The council's sanctum is Mr. Gramley's office in Hyphen Hall and the scope of the four council members under the chairmanship of the editorial manager is delightfully unlimited. Shall we, with the restraining ballast of Mr. Gramley's considered judgment, interpret the Ethiopian situation, demand a clock in the library, deplore the athletic setup, inveigh against this professor's marking "system," praise this society's unprecedented activity, scathingly skewer that society's indolence, welcome some group to the campus, pillory Coughlin, laud birth control, mark the passing of a faculty don, view this with alarm, or point to that with pride. In short, what shall we illuminate with the searchlight of truth and

level with the machine gun rat-a-tat of our typewriters?

Such topics engage the attention of the council for perhaps an hour and a half. By the end of this time, the council has usually discussed and determined its policy on some seven or eight topics — a sufficient number for the next two issues. The editorial manager has assigned or the members of the council have volunteered for particular topics, and these are written at the council member's convenience. Very often, however, a decision on something on which the council is not fully informed is deferred until an appropriate faculty member, administration officer or student leader can be consulted. Perhaps, even, letters to some organization or to other schools must be written asking for information.

The editorials are turned in two days before the Brown and White goes to press, i.e., on Wednesday evening for the Friday issue and on Sunday evening for the Tuesday paper. But — occasionally — some councilor strays from the cloudland of lofty editorial contemplation for some mundane meandering as, for example, our present foreign affairs expert who is wont to investigate the local situation at the Maennerchor. An effort is made to have one or two "time" editorials on hand for just such emergencies; but lacking one of these, the editorial manager sits himself down and, quiz or no quiz the next

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"Pete's determined to make Phi Beta!"

Barring Toe Holds

Is the amateur wrestler in a class with the professional?

by *William P. Gottlieb*

If you're from Lehigh, there's little need in explaining what an amateur wrestler looks like and how he handles himself on a mat. But there's probably a majority of you who haven't seen any of the pros in action except in a movie newsreel. If you're one of that majority, then, just try to imagine a couple of giants —all between 200 and 275 pounds, over six feet, and tremendously powerful looking in spite of an unusual abundance of superfluous fat. Then think of those hulks spinning each other through the air and hurtling their bodies to concrete floors three feet below the elevated mats. And don't fail to picture these brutes slugging each other in the face with elbows and fists, pulling hair, twisting joints until the sockets bulge and the blood disappears, leaving a chalky piece of meat where once was an arm or leg or foot. Yes, imagine these tremendous gladiators writhing and groaning in pain, and now ask yourself if they are capable of defeating the quiet, trim, unscarred collegians who go through a season with hardly a grunt or a scratch. How would the relative youth, inexperience, smallness, "tenderness" of the amateur stand up against the punishing tactics of the paid grappler?

In response to just such a question, 29 out of 35 "wrestling-minded" non-wrestling undergraduates

emphatically contended that it would be little less than sheer murder to let any of their own number on the same mat with one of those terrifying gorillas of the professional troupes. The opinions of the remaining six, who favored gentlemen wrestlers, varied in the degree of their convictions. Most were either skeptical or doubtful at best. Two believed the pros were a lot of bunk and couldn't hold a candle to any of the better college wrestlers.

But what do those people who really know the wrestling game think? In order to get just such an authentic "low-down," the same question given the students was asked some of the East's leading authorities among the coaches, newspaper men, and wrestlers themselves. "A National A. A. U. or Collegiate heavyweight champion," according to Lou Jaffe, feature writer and sport columnist of the Philadelphia Ledger and the East's leading newspaper authority on professional boxing and wrestling, "could throw Champion Daniel Aloysius O'Mahoney (or most the other mercenaries) for the simple reason that the Irishman and his stablemates aren't the matmen they're cracked up to be."

"A professional wrestler, in the first place, isn't built up purely on ability. It takes color, as the powers that be call it; and that color is nothing more or less than showmanship in the form of acrobatics and burlesque. So it is that chances are that a hun-



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Desire

by L. C. Stoumen

T had never been like this in his home town. Of course there had been pretty girls there too. But they all came from well-to-do, respected families, and the best a fellow could possibly hope for was a good-night kiss after a dance or a hand to hold during a movie.

But here in the college town things were different. Fellows referred to racy girls casually. They told each other whispered little stories and risque anecdotes that actually made him blush, though he soon learned to mask his passionate curiosity with an affected air of casual interest.

But it was the girls themselves who bothered him most. He had not known that such girls existed: smooth, rounded little blondes with filmy dresses and soft shoulders, who seemed to lead existences surprisingly independent of vaguely foreign laboring-class families; lively high school youngsters whose lithe bodies willingly hopped into the roadster of "a college man," and later, on some shaded road, submitted eagerly to practiced love making; girl students from the women's college across town who leaned graciously upon chromium plated bars, consumed a quite proper number of cocktails, and caused your friends to come to you later and grudgingly congratulate you on your luck; knowing little females from the nursing staff of the town hospital, who seldom lacked dates because of their reputation as being "clean," and "knowing how to take care of themselves."

So while he had felt desire at home, it had never been so damnably and throbbingly intense as it was now. Six months had passed here in college, and all he had done to satisfy his gnawing desire was to dance briefly with the dates of some of his friends and to watch them with ferret eyes.

He knew no girls in town, and he had neither the self-confidence nor the smooth line and appearance which he felt were necessary to make such alliances.

He read several trashy novels a week, drank quantities of cheap beer, saw most of the poorer romantic movies, and neglected his studies with the utmost diligence.

Early one evening it got him. He dropped his text book dully, put on a tie. He got his overcoat out of

the closet, himself out of the house, and his car out of the garage. There was no one to see and no place to go, but he was on his hurried way to see that person at that place.

He stepped on the accelerator, squashing it under his toe as it by so doing he could sadistically satisfy his want. The cold air swishing past the open windows of his car gave him some measure of satisfaction, and he gradually became aware, emerged

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Syncopator Britannica

An Interview by S. H. Manheimer



WITH this theme song, 'By the Fireside,' we cordially invite you to pull up an arm-chair and enjoy a half hour of music by Ray Noble from the Rainbow Room atop the RCA building, Radio City, New York." Thus begins another program of melodies by the ambassador of sweet music.

Composer, conductor, arranger, and English. These four words best describe this young maestro. As the composer of "Good-Night Sweetheart," "The Very Thought of You," "By the Fireside," and the up-and-coming "If You Love Me," and "The Touch of Your Lips" he is known throughout the musical world. As the conductor of his famous orchestra he is enjoyed by dancing feet everywhere. As an arranger his orchestrations are copied by many others. As an Englishman he has millions of followers in Europe as well as in America.

"The story of my life is the story of my career," replied Mr. Noble to our query as to his life history. To Mr. Noble, a middle-class English surgeon, a son was born in 1903. This son was not destined to follow his father's footsteps, but instead took an early interest in music. It was for that reason that Ray was sent to Dulwich School, a choir college in Southern England. For some reason Ray does not like the subject of his education being brought up, but it remains a fact that it was at Dulwich he received the fundamentals of music which helped him so much later on in life.

But no one can change over night from a student at a choir school into a first rate composer. Mr. Noble had to spend years of practice and study before he became known to the world. His first attempts at composing and arranging were not jazz, but classical music. These endeavors earned him a living, but did not bring him fame. He still loves the music of the great composers and enjoys attending concerts whenever his rather full life allows. "I believe that every intelligent person should be inter-



RAY NOBLE

ested in both classical music and jazz," Ray told us.

Then, six years ago a young, tall Englishman walked into the office of a London music publishing house. To this office he looked like just another of the myriad of song pluggers who try to get their compositions published. But this time instead of giving "no" for an answer, the publishers at once recognized in young Mr. Noble the likeness of a hit writer. The piece this blond fellow had played for them was "Good-Night Sweetheart." It wasn't long before the world was resounding with these strains.

Hit after hit flowed from the pen of young Noble after that. His name became known in every part of the globe as the composer whose music touched the sentiments of the people. The English Victor company persuaded him to organize a band to play the music the populace wanted. As an arranger and a leader Mr. Noble showed such great abilities that his recordings soon became best sellers in England, on the Continent, and in America. The queer part about his recordings was that Ray did not have an orchestra of his own. Before every recording was to be made, Ray organized a pick-up band to play

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Legalized Mayhem

by Leonard H. Schick



A COMBINATION of football, sleight of hand, cross country, and second degree murder — that's Teionshiksahelks (pronounced by sneezing, coughing, and gargling at the same time). And the funny part of it is that it's legal. In fact it's a game.

But don't get excited, it's not a new game. No. On the contrary Teionlshikahelks (what a name for radio announcers) has been played for years by Canadians, Indians, and even college students. At one time the prodigies of old Asa Packer were famous for their Teionlshiksahelks teams. They even won the national championship twice.

What? You never heard of it. Well, I guess we'll have to break down and tell you. Teionlshiksahelks is only a ten dollar Indian word for lacrosse. Now

that you have an American translation of Teion (aw, skip it) let's get on with the story.

Originated by the Indians, lacrosse has become the official national pastime of the Canadians, and is rapidly gaining in popularity in schools and universities throughout the United States.

The hotbed for lacrosse in this country is Baltimore, where it is considered a mark of distinction as well as insanity to do or die for dear old Johns Hopkins on the lacrosse field.

The sport was brought to the southern city from Newport, R. I., in 1878 by members of the Johns Hopkins track team who were running in the north. Today in Baltimore you are considered an ignoramus if you can't eat soft shelled crabs and rave about lacrosse at the same time.

Teams from Johns Hopkins won the Olympic lacrosse games in 1928 and again in 1932. Since the last great war the Americans have so consistently massacred the Canadians that something is being done about it from teams up yonder. And it is a sure bet that the next Olympic matches will be no walk over for the Americans.

The game, if you care to call it that, was played without any fixed rules by the Indians. Each tribe laid down its own rules as the occasion demanded. The Indians used to have their goals a mile apart, and it generally took four or five hours of hard running to travel from one goal to the other. All the male members of one tribe competed against those from another tribe. Each player carried two sticks or crosses, and there were two main objectives. The offense wanted to ram home a goal, while the defense wanted to slay anybody who thought he could get through.

The original or stick varied according to the tribes. Those used by the Choctaws, Chippewas, Cherokees, and Creeks were about three feet long, bent into an oblong hoop large enough at one end to hold a ball.

The crosses of the Sacs, Sioux, Objiways, Dakotas, Six Nations, and most of the other tribes were about the same length, but the hoops were circular. None of the sticks was more than four feet in length. The oblong hoop was three inches long and two inches wide, while the round hoops were twelve inches in circumference. The network for the hoops was made from small roots of the spruce tree; later the thongs were made from deerskin.

Among the tribes first mentioned each player carried two sticks, one in each hand. The ball was

carried between them, and it was thrown from the crosse by a jerk. As a result it could not be thrown so far as with the present stick, as it received little impetus.

The original ball, although it differed among the tribes, was about the size of a tennis ball. Some of the Indians used a ball made of deerskin stuffed with hair, and sewed with sinews, while others used a hard knot of a tree as a ball.

Lacrosse is a synonym for perpetual motion. The players run for hours in the course of a game, twisting and dodging, dumping and being dumped. The ball is faced off at the center of the field and then the riot begins. Smashing, slashing, clipping, blocking, anything goes, and God help the weakling.

The modern crosse is about four feet long and a foot wide at the farthest tip. The hoop is strung loosely with rawhide, and it is necessary to keep twisting the crosse continually or the ball will pop out before you can bat an eyelash. In running with the ball, which is made of hard rubber, the player must keep twisting the stick. He throws the ball so that it flies off along the wooden side of the crosse.

Experienced players can catch and throw the ball on the dead run, and can shoot from either side. It was this two sided attack that completely paralyzed the visiting Canadians in 1932. They would get set to repel a shot from the left when zowie, the American player would twist in midair and let fly from the right.

The goal is formed by two poles six feet apart and six feet high, joined together by a rigid cross bar. The poles are fitted with a pyramid shaped netting which is fastened to a stake in the ground at a point seven feet in back of the center of the goal. The goal tender is all rigged out in breast protector, shin guards, and a mask. His only other defense from the whistling shots is a hurried prayer.

The other players look like something Fido dragged in, with their thick leather gauntlets which cover both hands and wrists, fiber helmets and steel masks, and padded jerseys.

Johns Hopkins, Stevens Institute, and Lehigh were the collegiate pioneers in lacrosse, and at one time these three schools had a completely monopoly on the game. It seems that only future engineers and doctors could stand the gaff in those days.

In recent years the sport has broadened to take in high schools and prep schools, and like all other sports new ideas are constantly being developed. This explains why the Canadians who ruled the lacrosse racket for years have had to adapt new tac-

tics in order to repel American invaders. The attack has speeded up since teams have been limited to ten men. The field has also been shortened to ninety yards. This gives the attacking team a chance to work numerous trick plays. Meanwhile the defense has become so well organized and tough that only attack men who can throw and pass on the dead run have a chance to score.

The origin of the sport is uncertain but a hint is offered by the legend of Chief Pontiac's treachery at Fort Michilimackinac in the French and Indian war. It seems that the British garrison relaxed for a day in honor of the birthday of that pompous scoundrel, George the third. Chief Pontiac offered to entertain the soldiers with an exhibition lacrosse game. Everything was hunky dory for half an hour. The Indians seemed satisfied to kill each other. But suddenly the two teams threw aside their crosses, grabbed tomahawks from their squaws on the sidelines, and proceeded to butcher the white spectators.

The last great Indian lacrosse team was produced by Glenn 'Pop' Warner at Carlisle. The entire football team played lacrosse, and they never bothered about such trivial things as rules. The rougher the game became the better the redskins liked it. Led by the famous stars Guyon and Calac, the Carlisle team wandered up and down the country dealing out a beating to any one willing to take it.

And then they played Lehigh. In those days Lehigh was not worried about her athletic purity. It

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He broke his neck trying to lick rubbing alcohol off his back!

As a Matter of Course . . .

Psych. 1. Elementary Psychology. The essentials of the science with brief descriptions of the methods of approach. An orientation course in which the student may evaluate the subject matter in relation to his individual needs. Stress is placed upon a presentation of the facts of the total field rather than any narrowly restricted practical application. Lecture demonstrations, recitations, textbook, and manual of experiments. First and second semesters (3).

SCENE I

DR. FORD: (putting on his glasses and gasping his syllables in regularly spaced, spasmotic bursts) Good Morning, gentlemen. I have for you this morning a little test (takes off glasses). Has everyone a bit of paper and pencil? . . . Good! Is everyone awake? . . . Well, no matter. Just the same, let me tell you what to do . . . (puts on glasses) When I say "go," make as many dots on the paper as you can in the sixty second period you'll have. Everybody ready? . . . "Go!" . . . Work as fast as you can, now. . . . Come, come there, Mr. Ridenly; remember the "Honor System." . . . (puts on glasses; or does he take them off this time?) . . . Everybody stop! . . . By using the simple formula — sigma xy divided by the square root of sigma x^2 . sigma y^2 — we may find from the data compiled from our little experiment some extremely significant principles in relation to our labor problems today. (dangles glasses) Now when I taught at Michigan . . . Seat 36: I catch on. When we all become owners of big factories and when the laborers want to strike, we can give them bits of paper and pencil which they can strike instead of us.

Dr. Ford: (puts on glasses) Quite so. I hope you gentlemen can now see the practicality of advanced psychology. Yesterday, however, one of your classmates asked me why the — shall we say, 'why the devil' — my colleagues and I teach such 'impractical' material. (takes off glasses) I admire men like that; so never be afraid to tell me what you think ought to be changed in this department, and I'll see what I can do. Of course, there are some things I must be dogmatic about. . . . But you should have seen how it was back in Michigan. . . . For the rest of the period, you will go downstairs to the laboratory where my colleagues will finish the lecture.

SCENE II

(The class precariously descends a loose old, wooden stairway into a dungeon-like cellar. Creeping through its dingy corridors, the students eventually reach their destination — a dismal chamber with an open-faced, grey stone wall. Overhead is an ancient-smelling, rotted ceiling from which can be heard the chilling squeaks of — of what? Shaded yellow lights and tiny, draped windows reveal strange, whirring motors and fantastically shaped mechanisms of all sorts. Silently, two glum figures draped in mysteriously sinister grey smocks float about the room with abstract, pre-occupied faces or busy themselves with strange devices as did Dr. Frankenstein when making his inhuman monster. The class huddles together in closely packed chairs in the center of the laboratory. One of the shadowy forms stops to speak to them:)

Dr. Jenkins: So, today you want to find out what all those little dots mean? It means that we are performing on experiment on YOUR bodies. It means you are HUMAN GUINEA PIGS, if only you could reproduce like them, ha, ha. The first thing you must do is work out the formula given you up-



stairs. . . . Now, if x equals 2 and y equals 2, who is clever enough to tell me what xy equals? . . . 4? . . . VeRy, veRy good, class. I do hope you haven't over-worked yourself, yet. And now I shall turn the lecture over to Dr. Graham.

Dr. Graham: (getting warm and cold spots all over and making his true Gaussian curve smile look a bit skewy) As I was stating, a-aa-aa, in the issue that now presents itself before me, the new school under such learned scholars as a-aaa Pavlov would aaa say my conditioned responses have taught me that I have only to dismiss the class. Unfortunately, I have misplaced my extemporaneous lectures for this week. Such a pity. They've given me such good service. . . . And anyway, I have to be down in the shop soon to get some more work done on my erector set. (looks at watch) Yes! I must be going; it's almost reaction time already.

Night Wind

by P. E. P. White

THE wind was much colder now, and it swept over the rough moorland road and trembled the scraggly clumps of bush revealed by a spasmodic moon. Stainton tucked his chin even lower into the turned-up lapels of his great coat, and clamped his knees even more tightly to the side of the petrol tank. He did not try to urge the machine on, because once he had opened the throttle lever wide and the added speed had so increased the blast of air in his face that his goggles had blown up over his eyebrows, blinding him, and he had nearly left the road. He was content to keep going at half a mile a minute; even at that, occasional forceful gusts made steering difficult.

He was thankful for the moon, although sluggish clouds intermittently covered it, because his head-lamp was weak and flickering, and often left him uncertain as to just which way the narrow road was turning. The Romans might have been more considerate when they built it, he mused, and provided their *via* with street lights. It was certainly a lonely route, this moor path; it crawled right over the backbone of England, the bleak hills of the Pennine range, a thousand feet above the bustling industrial cities of the North, and as Stainton thought of them he was glad that he was up on the moor. His teeth were chattering as he rounded the bend near Glasburn beck, and when the motorcycle ran easily over the stone bridge, he caught a glimpse of the dark stream, which had an unpleasant resemblance to glistening ice.

Aisgarth Knob was a black outline against the disturbed sky, immediately ahead. As Stainton's game 'cycle purred over the crest — the highest point in a stiff three hours' climb — Stainton throttled it down to a mere walking pace, and, leaning on the handlebars, turned his cold-pinched face to the West. There wasn't much to look at. Like most moorland, it was a dreary, uneven table, scattered with rocks and an occasional stubby shrub; in day-time patches of green gorse and purple heather relieved the drabness of the scene, but now it was all in greys and blacks. Far, far off to the southwest, down in the valley, there was a single yellow light. Possibly a shepherd's cottage.

Stainton shivered, and pushed back his petrol lever again. In another hour he would be many miles away from Aisgarth Knob — away over yonder, beyond that shadowy hill in the distance. And there was someone there who wanted him very much . . . she would be waiting for him. How he longed for the sight of her, to hear her voice, to touch her hand, her hair! In another hour, if all went well . . .

If all went well! He shuddered involuntarily, and narrowly avoided slipping into a wagon rut at the edge of the road; then steadied the machine. He seemed to recall a trip like this one, before . . . that had been a cold night, too, he thought nervously, a bitterly cold night, and he had been going to see her then, too — then his mind clouded, and the details were muddled. There had been a car somewhere, and suddenly things had gone blank, and then an awful throbbing in his head. An accident, of

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THE American Liberty League was chartered in Washington, D. C., in August, 1934. Its avowed purpose was to advocate respect for and observance of the Constitution of the United States, a contract outlining the duties and powers of the federal government and the rights of its citizens. Specifically, the charter states that the purpose of the Liberty League is:

"To defend and uphold the Constitution of the United States and to gather and disseminate information that (1) will teach the necessity of respect for the rights of persons and property as fundamental to every successful form of government and (2) will teach the duty of government to encourage and protect individual and group initiative and enterprise, to foster the right to work, earn, save, and acquire property, and to preserve the ownership and lawful use of property when acquired."

To be perfectly fair and aboveboard, the League presented its platform to Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in protest against whose policies in administering the government of these United States the League was primarily formed. The President read over the platform and then, master politician that he is, put the first of the two millstones around the neck of the League which may forever make it ineffective by saying, simply, "That is all very well about property rights, but how about human rights?"

Now the League believes, and all who are logically opposed to the socialistic form of government agree, that if you take away property rights you inevitably will abolish human liberty, and that human liberty is the dearest and most valuable of human rights. But they had no opportunity to argue that with Mr. Roosevelt, and left the ring at the end of the first round with the President clearly the winner.

The other millstone around the neck of the American Liberty League is also its greatest asset, namely that its prime movers are very wealthy individuals. Even Al Smith is now a big business man, hand in glove with the business leaders of the nation (which should not be held against Mr. Smith, but which very definitely has been and will be held against him by any who attack his position).

It is ridiculously simple for those who would neutralize any arguments of the Liberty League in favor of the strict interpretation of Constitutional guarantees of property rights and laissez-faire to say, in effect, "Oh yeah! No wonder the DuPonts and the Raskobs are opposed to higher taxes and government interference in business to improve the state of the worker."



C'est tout. The enemies of the League don't even have to bring forth any logical arguments against it as long as the Liberty League is so closely identified with Big Business and Wall street. Those who defend the League, and many of them are as opposed to the abuses of Big Business as is a politician near election time, say that there are no logical answers to the arguments of the League, but if the opposition does not even have to argue, the League's effectiveness is destroyed.

But the money which comes from the coffers of the rich has enabled the League to put on a campaign, chiefly against the Roosevelt administration, which may very well have considerable weight in future American politics. It has attracted the support of others who are vulnerable to charges of selfishness: journalists, lawyers, and college professors.

Avowedly non-partisan, the League has many Democrats in active membership. In addition to Alfred E. Smith, other old-time Democrats who now oppose the Administration are Jouett Shouse, President of the League, John W. Davis, now a Morgan lawyer, John J. Raskob, and former Governor Ely, of Massachusetts.

The most prominent Republicans include the DuPonts, J. H. Pew, President of the Sun Oil company, Dwight F. Davis, former Secretary of War, and former Senator David A. Reed, as well as a host of business and industrial leaders.

The League bases its arguments against the New Deal upon the Constitution, which has a considerable

ERTY LEAGUE

OPPOCK



appeal to patriotic citizens, even though they may not understand the economic implications behind the campaign for freedom of contract. It contends that the Constitution amounts to a contract between the people and the officials of the government; legislative, executive, and judicial. Contracts may be modified or canceled, but only by mutual consent or by methods provided for in the contract. The Federal Constitution contains provisions for its modification through the orderly process of amendment. "If," says a League pamphlet outlining the purposes of the organization, "The American people wish to change their form of government from a federal republic with limited powers to an absolute dictatorship or to state socialism, they can do so by appropriate amendment to the Constitution. However, so far they have done nothing of the kind, the existing contract is still binding, whether it is observed or not."

The League quarrels with the present Administration's policy of enlarging the bureaucracy, of passing laws which permit an executive bureau to issue orders having the force of laws, with its policy of monetary manipulation, and its attempts at economic planning. It terms the present Congress spineless in its allegiance to the Administration and in the entire government at Washington commands only the opposition and the Supreme Court.

In a report submitted in January of this year to the Executive Committee and National Advisory council, Jouett Shouse, President of the American

Liberty League, pointed out the work done by the League in the first seventeen months of its existence. The League has made a factual study of important new legislation and has sponsored addresses and pamphlets on the results of these studies. A total of approximately ninety pamphlets have been printed. For instance, a radio speech on the Townsend Plan, by Doctor Walter Spahr, of New York University, brought more than five thousand written requests for copies. A news service has been established. A National Lawyers' committee has done considerable work on the legal aspects of the New Deal, published reports, and helped to propagate the League. The aid of many of the nation's outstanding economists has been enlisted.

The voluntary enrollment of the League now approaches 75,000. Regional offices are being established all over the country. The American Liberty League is potentially, but only potentially, a powerful political group. It must be born in mind that Mr. Irene DuPont and Mr. John J. Raskob, no matter how intelligent or wealthy, have no more votes than Mr. and Mrs. James Oldster, who are sixty and sixty-one years old and believe that Dr. Townsend is the only honest, unprejudiced political figure in the country.

The crucial question is whether or not the money of the DuPonts, the able logic of the economists and the lawyers, and the waning popularity of Al Smith can put an appreciable dent in the electoral appeal of the warm and sympathetic Mr. Roosevelt.

For many years the two major political parties in the United States have not been opposed on what modern political scientists would term fundamental issues. The fundamental issues today are those between the Conservative, who is distinctly laissez-faire, who would leave things much as they are, and the Liberal, who advocates change in the direction of increased governmental control on the grounds that laissez-faire is merely a synonym for exploitation. In the past both major parties have been Conservative.

With his New Deal, President Roosevelt has definitely turned the Democratic party into a Liberal party. If Liberal sounds too much like Socialist simply recall the oft-quoted comparison between the Socialist platform of 1932 and the Roosevelt record of 1936. However, do not get the immediate conception that we should condemn socialism as radicalism. Careful students of economics and politics recall how the eight-hour day and the child labor laws were once looked upon as unthinkable radical encroachments upon the rights of freedom of contract

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Barring Toe Holds

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dred or more pros such as Steinke, Shikat, Ernie Dusek, even the old man Strangler Lewis, Managoff, Marshall and plenty of others could beat O'Mahoney; but for some reason, mostly box office appeal, a guy like the Irishman is at the top. He is biggest at the cash box because there are lots of Irishmen in the country; he's young and not half bad looking; and hasn't a bad act; and the public has gotten tired of the former, older heroes.

"Now if a college champion happened to be at a professional show, having been in training and in good shape, I think he'd have no trouble beating the professional. The pro, meaning O'Mahoney in this instance, is not in shape for an honest competitive bout. The collegian in an effort to show his superiority and assuming he'd not be frightened, would try to win from the opening gong, as they say in the best rasslin' circles. Before O'Mahoney had a chance to get warmed up to the situation, I believe that Danno would find himself pinned.

"The amateur may be somewhat taken by surprise by such pro tactics as slugging, but even that shouldn't make much difference.

"But actually I hardly believe that my idea of a college champion versus a pro champion would ever work out, because the latter would probably refuse to meet a rah-rah grappler, or any stranger, for that matter!"

Our own Billy Sheridan, coach of Lehigh's Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Champions, believes "Steinke or Lewis, and possibly Reilly or McCready, are probably better than the best amateurs. But generally speaking, I cannot be too emphatic in saying that the professionals are little more than jokes. None of them really wrestles. They just carry out an act designed for them by the bosses, acts which they have to carry out if they want to keep their jobs.

"How can you expect the paid wrestlers to be any good? The only ones of importance are those who can bring in the most money by being the most colorful or belonging to a nationality that has a big following in such sporting activities. Most of the big-timers are former football heroes or monstrosities; they don't start wrestling until they're full grown men, and anyone that knows much about the sport realizes that to be a good wrestler, a person has to begin not much later than when he's about 14 years

old. There's relatively little that can be picked up if he starts as an adult. His muscles and bones could not adjust themselves properly.

"All the so-called painful antics they go through are rehearsed beforehand and hardly hurt them a bit. The bitter enemies you see on the mats who refuse to shake hands usually eat and sleep together, and the only way they can apply those grips is by having the one to be "tortured" actually help his "torturer" get it. The pros work slowly and mechanically; in the time it would take them to apply one of their ridiculous holds, an amateur that's much good would have a professional pinned a couple of times. In watching a professional bout, you can see how a contestant practically sits by, watching a fallen foe dramatically crying out in "pain." The fallen one isn't pounced upon because it isn't that way in the books. The amateur on the other hand wouldn't waste any time sitting by and watching. He'd be on him as soon as he'd get such an opening. The pro would never be able to use any of his fancy Indian Death locks or slapping on a good amateur. Any time you can find any wrestler who can pick up a 200 pound athlete against his will and spin him around in the air, let me know about it. When it comes to straight wrestling, the college men know too much and are too fast and scientific and in better condition than the paid men.

"The only places the pros can make a go of it are those where there are "trained" crowds who are foolish enough to believe their acts are on the level. Barnum should have said there are suckers born every second. Why in Bethlehem where people understand the game, the pros couldn't draw a crowd big enough to pay for the light bill. They'd be laughed off the mat. It's really a shame that the newspapers don't give amateur wrestling a bigger play and try to educate the public to appreciate real wrestling.

"The real kick I have against professional wrestlers is that mothers get to see them in action in newsreels and then write me forbidding me to let their sons participate for such a 'brutal' sport."

In thorough agreement with all the above is Ben Charon, coach of Philadelphia's 1933 and 1934 National Y. M. H. A. Wrestling Champions and present coach at Haverford, "Were it twenty years ago when men like Gotch, Stecher, Caddock, Beel, and Jenkins flourished and wrestlers only groaned and made

continued on page 26

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



HOW THE JUDGE
LOST HIS FIRST
PIPE...AND FOUND
IT AGAIN

YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, I'VE GOT THE FIRST PIPE I EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION! I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED MY INITIALS ON IT



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST A KID THEN — ONE DAY I LOST MY FOOTING



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I WAS A GONER!



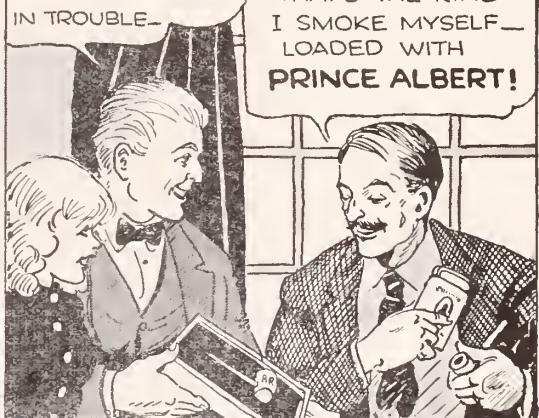
GOSH, IT'S LUCKY YOU HEARD ME YELL FOR HELP!



HEARD YOU? SAY, NOBODY HEARD NOTHIN' IN ALL THIS UPROAR —

THE BOSS LOGGER HAD SEEN MY PIPE COME FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER — THAT'S WHEN HE FIRST FIGGERED I WAS IN TROUBLE...

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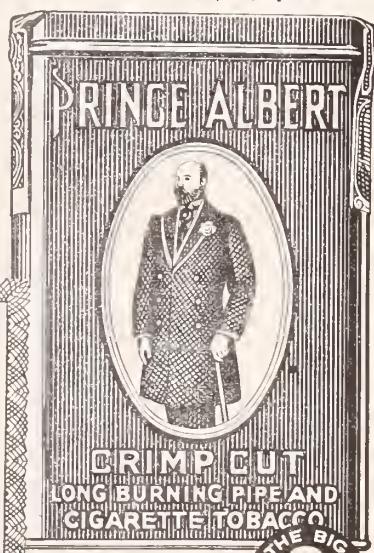
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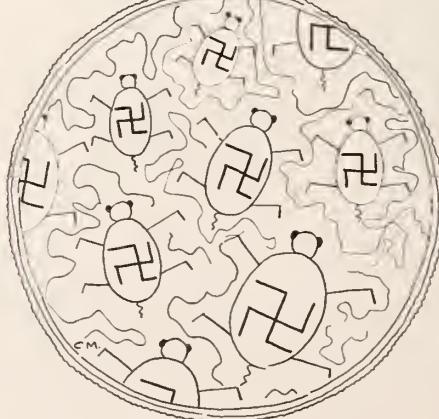
The American Liberty League

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and private property. Some unbiased scholars who support the Liberty League do not worry nearly so much about the socialist trend of the New Deal as they do about its unsound monetary policies, which they think will ruin the capitalistic system without giving it a fair trial.

Karl Marx was a great student who evolved the economic interpretation concept of history. How his careful reasoning led him to socialism as the ultimate form of society is not understood by many of the most ardent Socialists and Communists. Marx lived in conservative England and accepted Capitalism as a sound and necessary step in the evolution of the socio-economic order. Many of his proposals, such as a shorter working day and the abolishment of child labor, which are today accepted, gave him his reputation as a radical.

In the past century the government has been occupying an increasingly larger part in the life of every nation and every individual. Today, under the New Deal, it is doing so at an accelerated rate. Many European countries are on the very verge of Socialism. Others have gone Fascist as a desperate antidote. Either means a sacrifice of liberties. Whether the loss of liberty and initiative would be and could be more than compensated for by the benefits of the collectivist state is an unanswerable question. The American Liberty League, if it has done nothing else, has at least clarified the issue.



Ah! GERMAN measles!

Disk Data

continued from page 4

was formerly in Bert Block's band. The other side is the slightly sentimental "Every Minute of the Hour." (Victor 25256).

Last spring Clyde McCoy's recording of "Sugar Blues" made quite a furor in the land of jazz. Many collectors believed it to be tops as far as hot trumpet playing goes. But those in the know considered it to be the worst example of a corny trumpet they had ever heard. Clyde McCoy's new recording of "Maple Leaf Rag" and "The Nightmare" is verily another nightmare of that so-called trumpeting. (Decca 681).

Just to see if there can be a successor to "Music Goes, etc.," Mike Riley and Ed Farley have tried to write another screwy novelty. This "I'm Gonna Clap My Hands" isn't as good as its predecessor. (Decca 683). If there ever was a piece taken for a ride, it is Riley-Farley's version of "I Wish I Were Aladdin." Mike's burlesque vocal includes a very good imitation of Kenny Sargent's high notes. (Decca 684).

Mendelssohn's "Symphony No. 4 in A Major" is done up very nicely in Victor Masterpiece Album M 294. This great composition is very beautiful, especially since it is played by The Boston Symphony Orchestra under the able direction of Serge Koussevitzky. The Victor company seems to be recording a great number of the better Mendelssohn pieces these days.

From the modern "Rhumba" Symphony Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra has chosen to play the portion named "Rhumba." This rendition should be of great interest to students of modern music. "Dance of the Workers" from the "Festival of the Workers - Suite" is an interesting companion to the "Rhumba." (Victor 8919).

One of the most beautiful compositions written in the past fifty years is the reason for Victor Album M291. Strawinsky's "Fire Bird Suite" is one of the most stirring, descriptive, and imaginative compositions known to modern music. The fact that Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra play this work makes this album much more valuable.



Judge: "You are accused of shooting squirrels out of season. Have you any plea?"

His: "Yes, your honor, Self-defense."

—Jester

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just a few pieces. The name his orchestra went under, "Ray Noble and his New Mayfair Orchestra," was fictitious. Outside of recording Ray did little playing. He did make a few tours of the Continent and played several engagements in England, but he did not have any permanent position.

"It takes a certain type of singer to fit in with the arrangements of my orchestra," Mr. Noble explained. "It was on a tour of the Continent that I discovered such a singer. While staying in Paris, I happened to hear a young fellow named Al Bowlly singing with an orchestra. He went back to England with me." This crooner from South Africa has been with Ray ever since.

But America was not asleep to the fact that England possessed one of the world's leading orchestras. Americans are in the habit of being bored by anything but the best in entertainment, so an attempt was made to persuade Mr. Noble to come to the United States. To their amazement it was found that Ray was only too glad to forsake his homeland. He readily realized that here is the musicians' dreamland where good music is appreciated and musicians are well paid for their wares. So in 1934 Ray with Al Bowlly, his drummer, and his pianist set out in conquest of America. It would have been folly to bring an entire band to the United States, especially since he had no picked band of his own and since American musicians are generally better than the English. At first there was a misunderstanding between Mr. Noble and the musicians' union. The Union resented foreigners invading their field and made a false claim that Ray was importing his entire orchestra. But soon the victorious Mr. Noble, not harmed but helped by winning over his aggressor, was once more leading a band.

"Every orchestra should be able to play fast and slow pieces equally well," was Ray's answer to our question as to the primary consideration of a conductor. It so happens that it was through his recordings that Ray revived the swing rhythm for the English who were used to the deader waltzes and slow fox-trots. Ray claims that his clarinetist is the second hottest in the world (Benny Goodman is the undisputed champion in this line). It is unquestionable that the clarinet is the keystone of a hot band.

"System" is the keyword of Mr. Noble's method of composition. His recipe for writing is to compose a piece and then forget it for a week. If it sounds

good then he uses it or improves upon it. If not, he aims at a waste paper basket. In this way Ray has written his better compositions. Any composer can be called good if half of his pieces hit. Ray has a better batting average than that. He claims that if more composers would try his system, the musical world would have higher standards. Just a change of a few notes is enough to save a piece from the junk heap. As an example, a rise of one octave in the middle of "Love in Bloom" was enough to make this number an international hit.

"There is a reason why America has more good orchestras than anywhere else in the world. In the thousands of small time bands there must be at least a few musicians who reach the top. In England orchestras are not so plentiful, and musicians are not so well paid. Only a few men ever get any better than the average American player."

The success of any orchestra depends on three things. The musicians must be competent, the leader must know his stuff, and the arrangements must be good. Ray Noble arranges sixty per cent of his own orchestrations. These are usually the slower numbers. The rest is done by several other members of his band. The reason why some of the hotter arrangements sound similar to those used by the old Dorsey Brother organization is that a certain Mr. Miller, formerly arranger for the Dorseys, is now connected with Ray. Listen to Ray's "St. Louis Blues" to hear a Dorsey swing.

"Oh, yes! I did play my first American prom at Lehigh," Mr. Noble replied to our question on that point. "You know I enjoy playing at college dances. The collegiate audience is much more appreciative of good dance music than any other group of people. They seem to know what it's all about. Invite me down to Lehigh again some time."



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—Purple Parrot

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Legalized Mayhem

continued from page 11

has been said that steel puddlers and boiler makers played on some of the Brown and White teams of yesteryear. Well, Lehigh had a tough lacrosse team that year too, and they weren't going to take any mauling from a bunch of redskins.

Along about the second half both sides were running out of substitutes, and the field was almost red with blood from massacred heroes. The game finally resolved into a short run, a crash, and then time out to remove the remains.

Then with about ten minutes to play the Indians called it quits, and walked off the field. It took a considerable amount of coaxing, but they finally returned and resumed play. But in two minutes they walked off the field again. This time nothing could get them back. They would rather forfeit than die. Carlisle was finished. And so the mighty men of Lehigh won on a forfeit.

Nobody knows just where the name lacrosse originated. Some say it is derived as a result of its popularity at an old mission on the shore of Lac de la Crosse in Saskatchewan. Through the efforts of Dr. W. G. Beers the game was started in Canada in 1840. Dr. Beers, the father of lacrosse among the white men, made the rules and introduced the sport in England and Ireland. The first American teams were the Mohawks of Troy, N. Y., followed soon after by clubs in most of the large eastern cities.

About four years ago an attempt was made to introduce box lacrosse in America. A professional league similar to a hockey league was formed in cities along the eastern seaboard. A team consisted of six men, and games were played in courts slightly larger than a basketball floor. However, the superior Baltimore clubs overwhelmed all opposition, and interest began to fade. In a short time the new game was buried under a mass of debts and broken bones, and it was finally abandoned by the Americans.

College and prep school lacrosse is gaining in popularity every year. The worst handicap to overcome has been the fine teams produced by schools in and around Baltimore. These schools have so completely outclassed all competition that it is only now that other teams have begun to approach them in skill.

A temperance lecturer was waxing very eloquent and intermixing his sermonette with concrete examples of abstinence. "If you lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will be choose to drink?"

At which climax a heckler in the audience grabbed the speaker's punch line by shouting out, "The water, of course."

Hoping to shut up the annoyance, the lecturer ventured the question: "And why, my good man, did the donkey choose the water?"

Like a flash came the heckler's reply: "Because he's an ass."

—Sundial



"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed the men after an exhaustive two hours in the drill hall, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor boy in the neighborhood, and after I had been to Sunday School one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I was softened enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said, 'Don't cry, sonny, some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back.' And, believe me, you thickhead college bums, that day has come."

—Cornell Widow

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GOOD ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL



Desire

continued from page 8

slightly from the dull preoccupied stupor of his want.

There were people walking on the sidewalks. Some of them were girls. Pretty girls. He slowed down.

He had seen girls picked up before, but never had he considered the possibility of doing it himself. It was low, licentious.

Wannaride? — he said. He slowed his car down to the speed of her walking. He wore a frightened smile. — It's nicer riding — he said. — It's a beautiful night — .

She blushed righteously; walked faster. When he persisted, she stopped. — Please don't bother me — she said coldly. Too coldly. He started his stalled car jerkily, and drove off with grating gears.

He tried it once more. The second girl knew how to handle him. She stopped. When he did likewise, she walked behind his car and over to the other side of the street. — So long, sap! — she said. — She hissed the sibilants. — So long, sap!

Never before had anyone spoken to him like that.

Always he had been well mannered, self respecting, respected. He felt coarse, vulgar, diseased. This was so amazingly, shockingly, disgustingly obscene. If his father, his mother, his sister, his high school teachers, his aunt could see him now.

He drove on slowly. When he came to the Athens Food and Beer Emporium, he stopped. He got out of his car. He walked into the place.

— Hi, Nick! — he said.

— Hi! — said Nick. — Whatllyhave? —

— I want — he said — I want, a glass of beer and a hot dog.

Answers to Campus Quiz

1. 3	11. 4
2. 1, 3, 4	12. 2
3. 4	13. 3, 5
4. 1	14. 2
5. 4	15. 4
6. 4	16. 5
7. 4	17. 1, 4
8. 5	18. 2
9. 3	19. 4
10. 3.	20. 3

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Night Wind

continued from page 13

course. He had had an accident. But tonight he would be careful.

Nearly at the bottom of the valley, a small Morris, chugging up the hill, forced him to the left; it held the center of the road and he had to swerve quickly to avoid it. Damn you, he thought, as he wiped his white face with a cold leather gauntlet, I don't want an accident now. Only a little while, if all goes well. . . .

The moon was smothered under a great forbidding blanket as Stainton pulled back the spark lever to climb the last hill; and a new burst of wind rustled through the hedge along the road. The loose straps on his helmet flapped against the side of his face, and it made his head throb a bit. The landmarks were becoming familiar — that pile to the left would be the crumbling ruin of the abbey, abandoned for centuries, and that little cottage to the right would be the home of the silver fox farm man. No light showed, but it was a late hour. And up ahead, that black tower would be the Catterick village church . . . the church . . . he shuddered, and opened the throttle wide.

As he raced past the softly silent churchyard, towards the village, he trembled; threw back his head; clenched his teeth till they hurt: Then he relaxed, silently wheeled the 'cycle 'round and, slowing down, brought it to a standstill in the middle of the road, in the shadow of the tower. His right foot pained him as he dismounted and shut off the engine, and he hobbled rather than walked towards the grey building, now bathed in the light of a gentle moon. The oak gate at the edge of the yard creaked as he pushed it open, and he turned his head slowly towards the motorcycle, as if undetermined whether or not to run back to it, kick the starter and race the remaining mile —

But it was only for an instant, and then the form of the machine was less distinct, and seemed almost twisted; it was just a dark mass, as if it had been hit a great blow, and smashed. Stainton was hobbling now up the worn pavement, past the rows of misty white and grey stones, up to the tower door. It was slightly ajar as he laid his hand on it; his head throbbed. The square tower was comforting; there was no wind and he did not notice the cold. He groped through the vestibule into the little chapel, and sighed as he approached a bluish patch on the mellowed stone floor, where a moonbeam had stolen through stained glass windows. With difficulty he bent down and looked at a bronze plate; it had recently been placed there and the let-

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tering was sharp. He read, without reading, the inscription, and sighed. He put his hand slowly up to his head, where it throbbed; it was cold and wet, and he drew it away. He shivered. By the plate was a black blotch, away from the moonlit spot, like a trough, or a big hole, where a slab of stone had been removed from the floor . . . Oh God, Stainton whispered, must I stop this time, too, mayn't I go this time . . . And he sighed again, and sank quietly into the tomb.



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continued from page 16

faces when their opponents insisted, then I'd say that the professional wrestler could defeat the amateur. But in most cases today, I would decidedly say it was the other way around.

"Professional wrestling today is not wrestling. In fact it isn't even 'almost' wrestling. A once noble sport has degenerated into a burlesque that temporarily increased the business of the troupes but which now has boomeranged back into the promoters faces by keeping the public away in droves despite their frantic efforts to bring out new attractions.

"The average good college heavyweight will easily defeat the average professional. The latter is usually a poor specimen, not too much physically and still less mentally. They serve as stepping stones (often literally) for those being built up to become championship contenders. Most of these champs and near champs could be defeated by such present lesser lights as Charlie Strack, Earl MacCready, Jim McMillan, Dean Denton, all of whom were once good college men. But these in turn have probably so deteriorated from professional training and tactical methods that they'd be beaten by, let's say, a National A. A. U. winner.

"Amateur wrestling is based on a scientific knowledge of timing, leverage, and a maximum of good conditioning. The amateur is in shape before he actually fights, and when he does compete, he gives his all. The professional never is in shape. He knows ahead of time just what the results of his next few matches will be, and he acts accordingly. Training consists of practicing some acrobatics. A great number of the leading pros have turned into disgustingly fat specimens from this diet. Training rules and restrictions are practically unknown, and anything goes when it comes to personal habits. It doesn't require much of a physique to tumble, make faces and act. Or to use a few holds or some spectacular maneuvers, either. Generally speaking, the good amateur would toss the top notch professional so hard that he wouldn't stop bouncing for ten minutes."

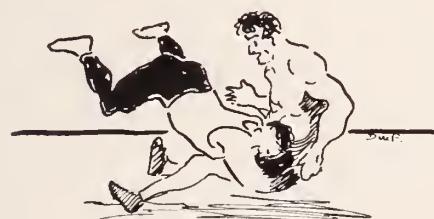
Jimmy Reed, former National A. A. U. and Eastern Intercollegiate champion and the present head coach at Princeton, similarly maintains, "The collegiate wrestler is trained for 10 minutes of intensive, scientific competition. And in that time, such

a man as McDaniels, present National Collegiate Heavyweight champion, could beat just about any professional. Of course, professional wrestling is pure misrepresentation. With the rare exception of such men as Jim Londos, the paid men haven't the intelligence to know the intricacies of the sport. Some of them may have been good football players, but all they are now are good tumblers.

"You'll notice that in professional wrestling, the loser is usually pinned by an opponent who lies parallel to him. In real wrestling this is almost impossible. Almost the only way a man can be pinned to the floor is by having his body perpendicular to that of the one doing the pinning. Other positions cannot cause sufficient leverage or weight distribution to keep a pair of shoulders down.

"I know of two former Lehigh wrestlers who tried to enter the pro racket in 1929. First they were told they must obey all orders, or else. . . . Then they were given a gym suit and told to report for a work-out. The workout actually consisted of getting in front of mirrors and having a coach teach the new men how to make the proper grimaces and groans for certain different 'moods'!"

Howell Scobey, Lehigh's Eastern Intercollegiate



Heavyweight champion, who Billy Sheridan believes could pin O'Mahoney in five minutes, isn't so positive as to which of the two groups of wrestlers is the better. "Professional wrestling is just a show made to amuse the public. Still, I don't doubt that there are a lot of heavyweights among them who know their stuff. Take Ed Don George, the former professional champion. He was once a National A. A. U. champion, although the life of a professional has probably caused him to lose a lot of his former talent. But still, if I had to definitely choose between the amateur and the professional, I believe I'd say

the former would usually prove to be the victor."

The National Association of College Wrestling Coaches recently issued some literature ridiculing the degrading influence of the professional on wrestling. "Even the referee must register facial expressions of pain Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 and must slap and kick performers into action if they become lethargic. . . . The new wrestling has taken the place of the burlesque in satisfying the public's entertainment. The wrestlers' job consists in convincing the audience that three toes have been severed, that both arm are broken, and that they acquired one of those new fangled upside down stomachs. . . . In a recent meeting between Abe Stein and Gene Dubue, Dubue took some matches from his trunks, lit them, and set Stein's clothes on fire! The bout continued, and Stein eventually won!"

And so it goes everywhere one seeks authoritative information. The issue changes from a controversial one to one with only a single side — unless, of course, the professionals themselves were questioned. But that would be a waste of time. There's no doubt what their answer would be or any doubt that they'd be wrong.

Barristers-about-town like to tell this one on a prominent local attorney who had subpoenaed a certain youngster as an important witness. No sooner had the little lad climbed the witness chair than the lawyer started to fire questions at him.

"Have you an occupation?" asked the legal one.

"Nope."

"Do you ever do any work of any kind?"

"Nope."

"What occupation does your father follow?"

"None."

"Does he ever do anything to help support the family?"

"Odd jobs once in a great while."

"Then tell me, isn't your father a worthless fellow, loafer, deadbeat and cad?"

"I don't know," answered the witness, "you better ask him, he's sittin' over there in the jury."

—Sundial

The Most Interesting Job on the Campus

continued from page 6

day, writes an editorial.

On Wednesday and Sunday nights the manager must thus first get all his editorials in — thirty-two and a half column inches of them to go into type that will neither stretch nor compress. Likewise he must round up the Tag Letter, the "humorous" column, the Around Other Campuses, and The L. U. Says!, each written by a different person. Copy-reading — keep sex out of it! — and writing editorial headlines are next in order and the grammatical or spelling error that slips by is a rare one indeed. After that all that is necessary is the making of the dummy of Page Two for the printer.

That is, provided everything goes smoothly. Occasionally it doesn't. For example, the editorial manager said to himself one night:

"What's this? Here's one editorial on the German rearmament concluding: 'World war in a few weeks is thus inevitable.' And here's another on the R. O. T. C. winding up with: 'Our preparedness thus means peace and the abolishing of war!'" Both these editorials were turned in on the same Wednesday night last spring. What a decision to make! War or Peace?

Laughable to the casual observer, annoying to the editorial manager with a quiz the next day, and damaging to the hard-earned prestige of Page Two? The first two are granted, but the last is not. In the January, 1936 **Current History**, Frank H. Simonds states: "Everywhere, even among diplomats in Washington, the hour was reckoned decisive and the news of a French decision to move (to attack rearming Germany) was awaited with confidence. But it was awaited in vain. France first wavered and then halted." Thus the first editorial conclusion, written before France's backing down, was justified. It was, however, toned down to: "War in Europe thus seems probable." The second editorial merely drew slightly too general a conclusion which, juxtaposed to the first, set up a seeming contradiction. It was changed to: "Our policy of preparedness thus is our best assurance against war."

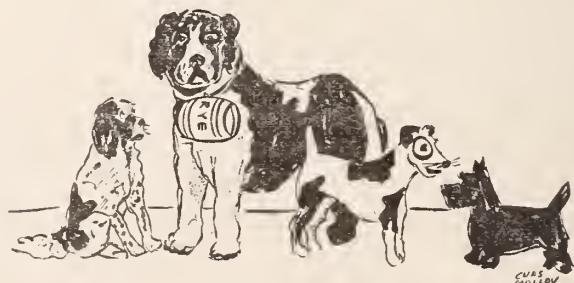
There is usually a triple, oftentimes, a quadruple, check on an editorial: the council's, the writer's, the editorial manager's, and very often the editor's. This accounts for the uniform tone of Page Two and its high batting average which has been bolstered by such achievements as: the abolishment of

Sword and Crescent, opening of the library on Sunday, an equitable distribution of dink sale receipts, renovation of the Drown hall reading room, unlimited cuts for seniors, opening of the Browsing room, establishment of a lost and found bureau, changing the compulsory chapel system, reorganizing the athletic set-up, and a rehabilitation of the Drown Hall cafeteria.

With the making up of the dummy, Wednesday or Sunday night's work is done. The copy is sent to the printer, is set up on the linotype machine, and a proof of the page is taken and brought to the Brown and White office. Thursday or Monday night's work, then, is largely proof reading unless a late editorial is coming in or the editorials which have been set up do not fit into their allotted space. The fury of a woman scorned is as nothing compared to an editorial writer whose editorial has been hacked down to make it fit. Rather than cause such mental anguish, the editorial manager slips in a smaller "time" editorial or bats out another one himself.

In the usual course of events there remains only the final checking up at the printer's the next morning. But seniors and juniors will recall that the Lafayette riot two years ago took place on a Thursday night, and the latest returns from it were filtering up until about 4 a. m. Thus the editorial manager that night wrote his bit in the wee hours and had his breakfast before he went to bed.

Then on Friday or Tuesday morning he goes down to the printer's to get some printer's ink on his hands, do some final juggling of articles to make them all fit, and checks the final proof. He has then read the entire page at least three times. But then when the paper comes out in the afternoon, do you think he reads Page Two again? Do you think he jealously scans over every line of type to see that nothing went amiss? Do you think he visually balances the makeup with the loving eye of a father? You bet he does!



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